

PUBLIC SERVICE
COURSES WILL
BE ADDED

College of Arts and Sciences
Announces Curricula
in New Field for Next Year

B.A. DEGREE MAY BE
PROCURED IN COURSE

Four Years Work in
New Courses Will Be
Made Possible

The College of Arts and Sciences announces the inauguration of curricula in Public Service, starting the first semester, 1934-35. Courses offered in the various colleges have been arranged so as to afford the student an opportunity to take work leading toward a degree with a major in Public Service. In addition to these curricula, it is planned to hold non-credit institutes lasting for a week, ten days, or two weeks, at intervals throughout the year. These institutes are intended to give practical instruction to persons already employed in certain branches of the Public Service of the state and its subordinate units.

The regular academic curricula leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts with a major in Public Service will constitute four-year courses. The program will be divided into two major divisions. During the first and second years the student will be expected to meet all lower division college requirements in English, foreign languages, physical science, biological science, physical education, and military science, and in addition he may elect certain credits from the field of sociology, economics, political science, history, and psychology. During the third and fourth years, the student will elect a minimum of 48 credits in the fields of financial administration, public management, public recording, public welfare, public works administration, foreign service, and public safety administration. The remaining credits may be elected from any field that the student desires to select. Certain definite courses have been selected in each of the seven branches of public service suggested above. The expectation is that the University, through such a program, may better prepare students who expect to make some form of public service their life's work.

In addition to preparing students to enter various fields of public service after graduation, the public service program, as outlined by the committee of the faculty, recognizes the need of offering facilities to provide more adequate training for those already in the public service. To this end it is hoped that it will be possible to inaugurate a series of short courses or institutes lasting for a week, ten days, or two weeks, at which various groups of officials in the states, cities, and counties may come together and discuss their common problems. When and if it is feasible, at least two of such institutes will be held during the regular academic year and as many as are demanded during the summer session.

In setting up this program, the University is seeking to render more complete service to the state and to its local sub-divisions. There has been a feeling for sometime that the public services of the Commonwealth should receive more attention, and the University is taking the lead in supplying this need.

Students interested in training themselves for any branch of the public service should talk the matter over with Dean Boyd or any member of the Committee on Public Service courses appointed by the President. The committee is composed of Professor Montgomery of the sociology department, Professor Asher of the psychology department, Doctor Carter of the College of Commerce, and Doctor Manning of the political science department.

Kampus
Kernels

Dean Jones has announced that all students who went to Frankfort yesterday with the student and faculty group are automatically excused from all classes that they missed.

University Committee of 240 will have an important meeting in the Faculty Club room of McVey hall at 7 p. m. Thursday, important.

Theta Sigma Phi will hold pledging services at 4 p. m. Wednesday in the Women's building. All pledges and actives please be present.

All organizations on the campus owing bills to The 1934 Kentuckian must pay them at once. Failure to make payment will be cause for reporting the organizations to the Dean of Men's office and they will be declared delinquent and will be refused pledging and initiation privileges next year.

There will not be a meeting of Omoron Delta Kappa today as announced (Continued on Page Six)

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Wednesday, May 23

2:00 p.m. Military Field Day and R. O. T. C. graduation exercises, Stoll field.

8:00 p.m. University High commencement, University High school auditorium.

Sunday, May 27

2:00 p.m. Baccalaureate procession forms on plaza between Physics and Mining buildings and on drive leading to the Administration building.

3:00 p.m. Baccalaureate sermon, "The Pen of a Man," the Reverend Robert Whitfield Miles, First Presbyterian church, Lexington.

4:00 p.m. Band concert, University band, amphitheatre of Memorial hall.

5:00 p.m. Reception for graduating class, parents and guests, by Faculty club.

Tuesday, May 29

10:30 a.m. Meeting of Board of Trustees.

Wednesday, May 30

9:00 p.m. Senior ball, Men's gymnasium.

Thursday, May 31

8:30 a.m. Breakfast for the graduating class, given by President and Mrs. McVey, Maxwell Place.

9:00 - 10:30 a.m. Registration of alumni, Administration building.

11:00 a.m. Meeting of the Alumni association on the lawn, Maxwell Place.

12:30 p.m. Class luncheon.

3:30 p.m. Memorial service for members of the faculty and students who have died during 1933-34.

4:30 p.m. President and Mrs. McVey at home to alumni and guests of the graduating class, Maxwell Place.

7:00 p.m. University of Kentucky alumni banquet, Lafayette hotel.

Friday, June 1

9:30 a.m. Commencement procession forms on plaza between Physics and Mining buildings and on Drive leading to Administration building.

10:00 a.m. Commencement address—Doctor Arthur Morgan, President of Antioch college, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

12:30 p.m. Luncheon—guests, friends, alumni, and faculty of the University, at University Commons, McVey hall.

3:00 p.m. Dedication of Patterson statue, the Honorable A. O. Stanley, speaker.

Whoops M' Dear
The German Club
Has a 24-A

Yes Sir, Right On the
Front Page, Too.
Hotcha!

Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Bigge will be hosts to the German club of the University at a picnic which will be given Tuesday evening, May 29. This event will mark the close of a successful year for the club.

This organization, in the year that it has existed, has sponsored many interesting activities, among them films on scenic attractions in central European countries, quaint customs still prevalent among German speaking peoples, and educational facilities offered in Germany and Austria. In keeping with the position of music in Germany, the club has offered, from time to time, instrumental and vocal programs.

The club has presented as speakers Mr. Paul K. Whitaker, instructor in German; Dr. Harry Lee Franklin, former United States consul in Berlin; Prof. Blaine W. Schick, assistant professor of Romance Languages; Miss Louise Willson, critic teacher in the University Training School; Dr. Henry Beaumont, assistant professor of Psychology; and Mr. Frank Hord, manager of Frank Hord Travel Service. Other activities were an informal tea given in honor of first year German students, and a German play, "Frühling im Winter". Dr. A. E. Bigge, head of the German department of the University, is faculty advisor of the club.

ALL JOURNALISM
PICNIC TO BE

A Lot of Journalism Students
are Gonna Go Swimming
etc. ??? Next
About Next Saturday

To provide the last chance for senior and lower class men to get together while they are happy, and also to get in the swim, an all-journalism picnic will be held at assorted hours at Boonesboro, Saturday afternoon, May 26. Swimming, beach fights, beach pajamas, baseball, etc., will be the order of the day.

Every student in journalism is invited providing he or she can find the necessary means of locomotion. Seebe Anna, chef par excellence at Bradley's Drug store, corner Main and Walnut (Ashland 560) will provide lunches for all who cannot roll their own at 25 cents per box. Be sure to go to the Drug store and get your vittles unless you want to fry your own eggs. You can purchase drinks there or there's the river.

Phone Seebe before nine o'clock Saturday morning and he will reserve your lunch for you. Cousin Niel and Uncle Vic will be official chaperones, assisted by other members of the journalism faculty. Bring your date—we dare you!

SMALL NUMBER
OF STUDENTS TO
BE EMPLOYED

Tennessee Valley Authority
Will Hire Some Undergrad-
uate Students

APPLICATIONS ARE IN
OFFICE OF DEAN JONES

McVey Receives Letter from
C. L. Richey, Director of
Personnel Dep't

A limited number of undergraduate students of colleges and universities of the United States will be employed as laborers by the Tennessee Valley Authority on two projects of that organization this summer, according to a letter received by Doctor McVey from C. L. Richey, employment director of the personnel division.

Doctor McVey forwarded the letter to Dean T. T. Jones who will have charge of selecting the candidates. Accompanying the letter were six application blanks, which will be the quota allowed the University.

The letter received follows:

"My dear Dr. McVey:

"It is our plan to employ a limited number of undergraduates this summer to work as laborers at Norris and Wheeler Dams and at other locations where the Authority is active. They will be selected from many colleges and universities and accordingly only a very few can be considered from the number who apply. Selection will be made from the best qualified candidates recommended by all institutions invited to participate; a quota plan will not be followed.

"We plan to select undergraduates preferably juniors, who have demonstrated qualities of leadership and social vision, who are in need of work, and whose scholastic standing is above average. It will be understood that their employment will be terminated before the fall term convenes. As their duties are likely to include heavy labor, it is essential that they be of strong physique. Earnings will be from 37½ to 45 cents per hour and the work week varies from 33 to 40 hours.

"We are enclosing a few application blanks which should be completed by the candidates you may wish to select for our consideration. It would be of considerable assistance to us in making our selection if you would supplement these applications with your comments on the following points: (1) Is applicant entirely or partially self-supporting, (2) Has he or she receiving help from the school in the way of scholarship or student loans, (3) What are his home responsibilities? Any other pertinent information of this type would be helpful.

"If your institution wishes to recommend candidates, kindly return these blanks to me at your earliest convenience. We will communicate directly with the individuals we may wish to consider for employment.

"Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,
Tennessee Valley Authority,
C. L. RICHEY.

Any junior students who are interested in this work are asked to see Dean Jones as soon as possible, as only six applications will be accepted from this institution.

If Its the Last
Thing You Do,
Read This

Flash, bulletin, etc.—Frosh geologists took their trip on week-end of May 19 and 20 on the way up and on the top of Natural Bridge, leaving in the morning and arriving later in the same morning, which in itself is quite a record.

The students stood around and looked at the bridge and wondered all about it. One of the more talkative members of the party summed up the consensus of opinion saying, "Some bridge." "Bout a hundred looked on."

Might do the same next year. Then again, might not. Nothing much happened. You know how those trips are.

Jughole Closes '34 Dramatic Season

By EDSHAN

With the final gasp of "Peter Pan," and the final jingle of "Tinker Bell," at 10:45½ o'clock last Saturday night, the Jughole theater completed a most resourceful season, having the patronesses of the giant theater crying for mercy in their seats at every performance of the six plays butchered during the season.

The past season has been the most successful enjoyed by the theater under the production of Frank Pooler, who has been in charge of the Jughole for the last six years. Much of the success must be attributed to Great Little Crutcher, who swung the hammer on all the sets used during the season. His greatest mess was seen in "Animal Kingdom," when he contrived a swinging set that would not swing until Mrs. L. C. Robinson, business messer for the theater, sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

There was not even a mouse in the house.

"Peter Pan," which should have been called "Animal Kingdom," on account of the number of animals in it, was a tickling success, made so by the tick-tick-tick-lock of the mean old crocodile, who was always chasing the sweet little pirate captain, played by George White Fixian, nemesis of all English students, and scaring him out of his over-size boots. "Peter Pan," the twittingest twitter that ever twitted, played by Frank Twillis, the Jughole heart-breaker, seemed to have ants and never seems to be able to hold still. However, the play is over and now Mr. Twillis can go back to the wide open spaces and jump as he pleases.

Hoping that we see more of the Jughole next season, we wish the promising actors and actresses much success in their home town socials this summer.

ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME

AN EDITORIAL

If our headlines look different, if our sentences contain split infinitives, if our news stories are written as things actually happened, if our society writer records actual occurrences, and our reporters write what they see instead of what they are told to write, then do not be disconcerted and think The Kernel has gone to the dogs.

It is this way; for four years we have had a book of rules; for four years we have had a style sheet; for four years we have had advice, and plenty of it; for four years we have not strayed from the straight and narrow path. Now, for the first time in these four years, yes, for the first time in history, we are going to obey that impulse to write things as they should be written. We are even writing society paragraphs as things actually occurred.

Those eternally intriguing headlines that had to be counted out to the nth degree; the lead paragraph that always had to tell the whole story and not make the reader wait until the proper time for a climax; that deliberate falsehood that made a raving beauty out of a homely bride, or the acme of perfection out of the cross, ill-tempered person who won the honor prize. At last we have broken the restraining rein—this issue is as it should be! Our apology.

Well, They Finally Voted
On That Sales Tax ThingMemorial Fund
Drive Begun

Movement Is Started to
Build Memorial in Honor of
Late Dean of Engineering
College

The first step in a movement to raise funds for the building of a memorial to the late F. Paul Anderson, for 46 years dean of the Engineering college, was made by a group of the dean's close friends in an informal meeting Thursday at the Phoenix hotel.

A committee was formed by the group to write to friends of the dean all over the nation advising them of the movement and asking their opinion on it. Acting Dean W. E. Freeman of the College of Engineering was elected chairman of the committee and Prof. H. C. Curtis of the College of Agriculture, secretary-treasurer. The group will meet again in the near future to make further plans.

Announcers Want
Announcers Who
Can Announce

Tryouts for radio announcers for the University Extension studios of station WHAS for this summer will be held in the radio studios Wednesday and Thursday at 1:30 p. m. each. All students who will be here this summer are requested to report to Ralph Johnson or to Bromo Sulzer at the studio if they think that they can announce over the radio.

According to the guys who made this announcement, announcers who live in Lexington are preferred, but anyone may try out for the work if he wants to. Here's a chance for the folks back home to hear your voice over the radio—that is, if you make good. And then you will get a writeup in your home town paper, if any, about "Local boy makes good" or something.

Receive New Honors
Two UK Graduates

Two University graduates recently have been honored for outstanding work in their respective fields. Miss Willy King was elected a state director of the Kentucky Society for Crippled Children, at a meeting of the society held in Louisville, and Miss Esther Greenfield, promising young artist, will present an exhibition of her works this week at the Students' and Artists' club in Paris, France, according to word received here last week.

Miss King is president of the Lexington Altruism club, and was publicity director of the Lexington Junior League's crippled children's drive, sponsored in Lexington.

Miss Greenfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Greenfield, Versailles road, was awarded a scholarship for study in Paris.

There Was a Lot of People
Down There at Frankfort to
See the Fight

The House of Representatives, meeting yesterday morning in the Senate chamber, did something about the general sales tax bill, advocated for the past 80 years by somebody, by a vote of 186 for the bill and 2 against it.

As a result of this momentous vote, all University classes will be dismissed for the next 8 years and approximately 34 of the 35 buildings on the campus will be dynamited as an economy measure, leaving the tool house of the buildings and grounds department.

The vote was taken before a packed house, who came expecting to see Sally Rand but she was unable to appear. As a result of the huge crowd, many of the visitors on the floor voted heartily for the measure and a good many senators made speeches for it, but an emergency was declared to exist by the speaker and the votes were counted legal.

Thousands of people milled in and out of the capitol during the day. A feature of the morning program was a parade through the downtown section to the capitol, led by the University band interspersed by farmers and retail merchants. Large delegations from all parts of the state attended, but approximately 5,000 of them ran off the hill while entering the city and fell into the state penitentiary grounds, where they are being held for disturbing the peace.

Our own representative, Elmer X. Burp, made the following statement regarding the outcome of the legislation when interviewed last night (Elmer, not the legislation) by a Kernel reporter: "S'('!'; 3...?..f..&'.@'.', etc." Various delegations of retail merchants cried till their hearts nearly broke. After that there was no use crying. When the vote was announced they had to be carried out on stretchers. Four contractors were used also.

In a commotion by Representative Oscar Zwick of Six county, the legislative adjourned, after several heated speeches, leaving the ladies to their wine and cigars. Action on a bill to be introduced taxing pigs' feet, frog's legs, and sand and gravel, is expected tomorrow, when the legislature will meet to adjourn to meet again to adjourn and so ad infinitum until all the state's money is used and the Commonwealth will be dissolved, thereby solving all financial and political problems.

ILLUSTRATIONS NOT TO BE

Illustrations for the senior edition were planned and executed at sunrise by non other than the artist, Painta Picture. Owing to the extreme censorship exercised by the managing editor of this rag, the sketches were omitted from the official publication, and will not be on display at The Kernel office, Art Center, or Museum.

BORED WILL MEET

Mortar Bored, senior women's honorary for grinds who will persist in trying to join various and sundry organizations, will assemble at 4 bells, in the Women's building (small edition of a Student Union building) for the purpose of completing routine business for the year.

SENIOR NOTIFICATION

All seniors who have not paid their three dollars cash deposit for the cap and gown to be used in graduation exercises, must do so as soon as possible at the Business office. If payment is made, a receipt from the office must be presented at the Book store. No checks will be accepted. This deposit will be returned upon turning in of the caps and gowns at the Book store.

DISTINGUISHED
GUESTS TO SEE
FIELD DRILL

Governor Ruby Laffoon and
Major General Bowley
Will Visit UK

PERSHING RIFLES TO
ESCORT EXECUTIVE

Awards Will Be Made During
Annual Program on
Stoll Field

The boom of nineteen guns, the official governor's salute, announcing the arrival of Governor Ruby Laffoon at Stoll field tomorrow at 2 p. m., will be the signal for the start of what is expected to be the greatest R.O.T.C. Field Day ever held at the University.

General invitations have been broadcast to all corners of the state for the exercises which will include a review of the entire regiment, 900 strong; company and individual competitive drills; exhibition drill by Pershing Rifles; award of prizes, and the administering of oath of office to graduates. The concluding number of approximately two hours of military events will be the parade in honor of the Reserve Officers' Association of Kentucky.

Major-General Albert J. Bowley, of Columbus, Ohio, Commanding General of the Fifth Corps Area, will be a distinguished guest at the exercises. General Bowley recently from Hawaii where he commanded the Hawaiian division, said to be the only fully organized division in the United States peace time army. Relinquishing command of the Hawaiian department, General Bowley made a three months' tour of the Orient and arrived at his headquarters at Fort Hayes last month.

Company "C" Pershing Rifles, the crack drill unit of the Fifth Corps Area, composed of 60 cadets and a full complement of cadet officers, will act as an Escort of Honor for Governor Laffoon when he enters Stoll field at the east gate on Rose street. He will be met by Major B. E. Brewer, commandant of cadets. The Governor will inspect the company, and after the inspection the Pershing Rifles unit will reform. Then preceded by the University band, the national and regimental colors, the company will escort the Advanced Course R.O.T.C. having stadium.

Immediately the Governor and his party is seated, the cadet regiment, 900 strong, led by the "Best Band in Dixie," will march in the field at the west entrance and pass in review in honor of the President of the institution and distinguished guests to begin the afternoon's exercises.

During the afternoon the following awards are to be made: Rotary Club Trophy, to be awarded to C. W. Kaufman of Nicholasville, the graduating member of the Second Year Advanced course R.O.T.C., having been selected by the secret vote of the Advanced Course students as excelling in requirements of good citizenship.

Phoenix Hotel Cup, to be awarded to Ralph S. Edwards of Walton, the member of the First Year Advanced Course R.O.T.C., having the highest average in academic work and military science for the school year 1933-34.

R.O.A. Field Glasses, to be awarded to William J. Honhorst, of Newport, the member of the Second Year Advanced Course R.O.T.C., having the highest standing in all of his University work.

Lafayette Hotel Cup, to be awarded to Oscar P. Reuter, Louisville, the member of the First Year Advanced Course R.O.T.C., having the highest average in military science for the school year 1933-34.

(Continued on Page Six)

W. A. A. GIVES A
TROPHY AWAY

Clara Margaret Fort Is
Recipient of a Ring
With "K" on It

For the first time in three years the Women's Athletic association is presenting a "K" ring to a girl selected by the four "powers," Deans Blanding and Holmes, Mrs. Server, and Miss Averill, as outstanding in scholarship, leadership, and activities.

The winner of the award is Clara Margaret Fort, president for the last two years of the ambitious athletes. Other W.A.A. awards which have been made are numerals to Betty Earle, Martha Fugitt, Marguerite Goodfriend, Mary Lou Hume, Helen Jones, Evelyn Marrs, Eleanor Snedeker, Margaret Warren, Mary Gunn Webb, and Dorothy Whitworth. Helen Jones received the W.A.A. pin awarded annually to the girl earning the most points during the year. Paitena Campbell won the archery tournament and the engraved arrow. (Too bad she didn't get a bow with the arrow.)

Finals in the tennis doubles tournament must be played off by Wednesday in order that the winner can be decided upon by next fall. The tournament has only been going on for the past month so not much headway has been made, but just give these women time—they'll finish the thing yet.

Joe Rupert, New Football Captain for Next Year, Is Shot on Campus

Wildcat Cannonball Gets a Nasty Wound Yesterday Afternoon; "Ouch," says Joe

Joe Rupert, recently elected football captain for the 1934 football season, was shot yesterday afternoon on the University campus.

The tragedy occurred while the Cattleburg Cannonball, as he is known among his teammates, sports writers, and other enemies, was standing quietly talking to one of the faculty about football plans for next year.

Police at first thought the shooting was the result of campus politics, but they soon found out differently.

All classes will be dismissed Sunday, according to University rumors, in honor of the person who shot our Joe.

In order to show their appreciation for the work the Cannonball has done the school by his mistakes on the gridiron, his classmates will not send him a check to pay his expenses home.

The Kernel, at the instigation of the students as they would not have dared to print anything laudatory about the young man without his consent, desires to say that they are pleased to state that he is doing nicely in his school work.

After many hours of research in the University library, located on the campus, a Kernel reporter found that Rupert had only received a tuberculosis shot.

READ WHAT YOU MISSED

Fifty very delicious, individual steaks, some salt and pepper, bread and butter sandwiches, pickles, ice cold tea, Dixie cups, potato salad with onions, a spoon, tomatoes were on the menu of a steak supper which the sophomore commission enjoyed last night in the Engineering rock garden. On the program for the evening were camp songs, and a short talk by Sarah Whittinghill. Honorable guests for the very lovely steak fry were Mrs. F. K. Holmes, Miss Sarah Blanding, and Sarah Whittinghill.

Justice Harlan F. Stone, of the United States Supreme Court, will deliver the principal address at the dedication exercises of the University of Michigan Law Quadrangle.

A Syracuse university professor has developed a new method of teaching foreign languages and he uses a device called the "actor" which he developed.

SPENSARY ADDS NEW JUNK TO SCABORATORY

Putting Room to Be Furnished for Heinz and 57 Other Varieties of Profs

The Department of Health and Hygiene, which occupies the entire No. 1 floor of Neville's hall and consists of the Spensary and various equipment and junk for the purpose of trying to treat and research, has gathered together in one large pile (called a laboratory), all apparatus used in bacteriology work. Yes, work, hey-hey. The scabatory which is under the jurisdiction of Doctor Hamilton (to you) has accommodations for making vaccines and compounding crude drugs for the Spensary. Experiments in the growth of bigger and better bacteria for disease purposes and first basal metabolism are also tinkered with by Doctor Hamilton.

The work of the department is heavily laden on the shoulders of Doctors Chambers (not rooms), Pinney (not cents), Hamilton (not Alex.), and Hughes (not Turkey), with the assistance of Professor Heinz (57), instructor in class work.

The throwing together of the new laboratory was for the purpose of more room for the doctors so that they might brush up on their putting during the dull hours and also for the purpose of adding accommodations for a reception hall. (Sometimes used as a lounging quarters). The old laboratory will be used for research work on the cause and prevention of jolly consumps by Doctor Chambers and the study of new types of vaccination juices by Doctor Hamilton.

CIVIL WAR ENDS AS LEE GIVES UP TO GRANT

Civil War Ends as Lee Gives Up to Grant; Civil War Ends

Civil War Ends as Lee Gives Up to Grant

Civil War Ends as Lee Gives Up to Grant; Civil War Ends

By J. WIMPY PUDDLESWORTH (Kernel War Correspondent)

The Civil War ended today with the surrender of General Robert E. Lee and the Confederate army, thus giving the victory to the Union forces, commanded by General U. S. Grant. The United States and the world in general is rejoicing over the conclusion of this terrific struggle, which has occasioned so much suffering. The armies went unfed for days at a time; the Confederate forces have had to wear rags; and the Northern army is said to have been fighting in Union suits. But now all this is at an end.

In making a statement for the press, General Lee said that the Union army had been flies in his soup. He may protest the decision and demand a return engagement. General Grant, on the other hand, stated that he hated the Southern army to pieces because he would have had more men left had they not murdered so many to death. President Lincoln said that he was glad that the Union had been preserved so Washington would not have been the father of twins. (Editor's Note) Reporter Puddlesworth, as usual, is a bit late with his assignment.

Purpose of Military Lullaby Explained

Bend Them Over in the Way They Should Grow, Says Ossifier Nite

By J. OSCAR ARTHRITE

Watching Pershing Riflemen conduct their lullaby exercises at the military parades has caused some of our most brilliant scholars to scratch their heads in wonder.

"Just what is the purpose of the military lullaby?" we asked one of the members of the rifle company.

The officer of the company straightened his glasses, and carefully ran his hand over his professionally creased uniform and began, "Well, there is all of this talk of World Peace so that the officers decided that it was unnecessary to train us to use our rifles for firing purposes, so they decided that since the rifle was about the weight of a healthy youngster that they would teach us to be a great help in assisting our wives in taking care of little Junior. Next year they will give us a night course in floor walking."

This should settle the question. Of course we have some smart men on the campus. This will teach the men to be more domestic. Let us all join this unit next year so we can have shifts with our wives in taking care of the baby.

National Smipe Pokers Frat To Hold Something

The Fillenmupandsmoke, national pipe smokers fraternity whose headquarters are everywhere and nowhere, will stage their annual initiation contest in Memorial hall tomorrow afternoon at 1 a. m.

According to the rules of the contest, the persons who can blow the largest smoke rings, inhale the longest puff, and smoke the longest kind of a time with only one lighting will be granted permission to do it again any time and also be admitted to membership in the fraternity.

This is one of the highest honors that the University offers its students for annoying others by the evil smell of their beloved holders of nicotine.

Professor Literati, holder of more degrees than anyone else on earth, including the much sought-after 90 degree angle, is president of the organization as well as its only member.

After the initiation, which will be held in the year 9999 B.C., a smoker will be held at the North Pole in order to warm up that portion of the globe and make Eskimos civilized.

(Author's note—if they become civilized they will not smoke a pipe)

At the time of this convention all the members must think deeply and allow their ideas to go up in smoke, for they are much too dangerous for the non-thinking world.

Puckettville Notes

A good time was had by all who attended the social which was given by the Gladstone Hustlers class of the Puckettville United Congregational church at the home of Mrs. Malinda Smithers at 7 o'clock last night. At a late hour refreshments were served to 22 loyal members.

All them as was intending to attend the steak fry to be given next Saturday is supposed to notify John Jones, who is in charge of the diversion.

Mr. Henry Higgins was in town yesterday on business and pleasure. He spent the night in jail, due to mixing his business and pleasure.

Friends and neighbors are calling on Mrs. Mary Hanks (nee Edith Belle Jackson) to felicitate her on her having of a baby. The baby is named after its proud and glowing father, our illustrious fellow citizen, Lem Hanks.

Folks is sorry to hear that little Master Percival Stoopgrub, the intelligent and popular son of Banker Stoopgrub is ill at home, to the sorrow of his numberless friends. We wish you our sorrow, Master Percival.

Prominent on our social calendar for the beautiful month of June is the impending marriage of that popular young pair, June Smith and John Jones. Felicitations are in order, folks.

All young people is invited to the free entertainment which is being given next Tuesday at the school. Come one, come all. Refreshments is promised. President Jones will render the main speech of the programme, which will be entitled "What I Know About Boys."

Patronize Kernel Advertisers.

SENIOR BAWL WILL HAVE JAZZ BAND

A Bunch of Men with Horns Will Try to Make Some Music for a Dance

By AROLYN KAY

For the senior bawl Ray Stillwater thank you, and his Hollywood artists will be the principal noise makers on May 30. This well known band, according to the best publicity experts, is from "way out West" and has played in several movies.

Among the pictures in which the orchestra has played are "Climax", "The Rogue Song", "City Lights", "Reaching for the Moon", "Kiki", and "Too Much Harmony." The orchestra has also had engagements at the Astor Hotel, New York City; Palais Royal, Buffalo; The Avalon club, St. Louis; The Cleveland club, Cleveland, and The Book-Cadillac hotel, Detroit. (Cover charge two bits).

Invites for the senior spurge may be procured from the University male station. Each of the graduating group is entitled to one date and one stag invitation, while each junior may procure a date and a stag bid. Hours for the dance are from 9 p. m., May 30 to 1 a. m., May 31 (dedicated with my respects to the Rt. Hon. Joseph Jordan, care of the Lexington Leader).

The committee arranging the end of the season bawl are George Peak, A. L. o., Evelyn Grubbs, (Grubby to you), Joe Reister (non other than), and Phil Howe, (and how and how), Dorothy-singa-Carrel will be in charge of the decorations.

Students Would Rather Eat Iron Than Victuals

By ERICH KRAUTHEAD

At a meeting of the alleged students of a northern university, they decided being as how the food at the school wasn't so hot anyway, they would cut down on their eating and victuals and go on iron rations for a day a week, so as to help several unemployed CWA workers get a chance to see how bad the food was in the summer time, sending them to the industrial school in the summer on the money. Brawls were precipitated between dietitians and students, when several voiced the opinion that they would rather eat iron anyway than the victuals they was getting.

Faculty members and professors of the school pledged their reluctant aid by saying they would cut down on their meals by not taking ketchup up on their fee creases no more.

The Industrial school was started because the school couldn't get no more money from the state except for nine months. This was a healthy idea for mechanics. Here they learn why they should be glad they didn't go to college. They are allowed full use of everything on the campus except the gyms, class rooms, fraternity houses, and elevators.

Women students of the University of Georgia are requesting that the university have a free bus service between the three campuses, because it is very unlady-like to have to bum rides to get to classes on time, and the regular bus schedule is inconvenient and too expensive.—The Clemson Tiger.

Receipts of the National Intercollegiate Swimming meet held recently at the Ohio State university were approximately \$1,200.

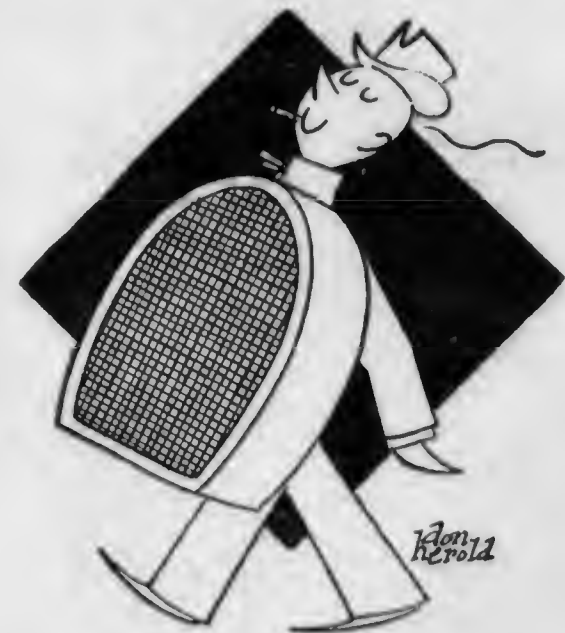
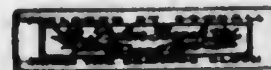
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"SPRIG, BEAUTIFUL SPRIG" (sniff)

How glad I am
That Sprig has sub,
Whom all the bees
Begid to hug.

But how I'd 'fraid
This poet must pose,
'Cause this little poem
Must be his dose.
—Kentucky Colonel No. 715798.

Officers Elected

Delta Chi, social frat, went and done it a few days ago and elected some officers to rule over the rest of the chapter for the first semester next year. The unlucky men who received the highly respected honors is: James Carroll, proxy; Neil Williams, vice proxy; Herbert Schwartz, secretary; Jesse Parra, corresponding secretary (publicity man); and Bob Hickey, chosen to be sergeant-at-arms, alias the man who tries to keep order in meetings sometimes.

It has been rumored about the halls of Delta Chi that no meetings will be held this summer but they will have the regular weekly meetings next year as usual as is customary.

Banquet Thrown

Lambda Chi Alpha got ambitious Friday night and threw a banquet at the chapter house. The house and tables were decorated with ice-cream and cakes, and the fraternity colors of purple, gold and green were carried out in the delicious (?) menu.

J. B. Croft, (Mr. Croft to you), acted as toastmaster and introduced the speakers, Capt. Harry Scheibla, and the dignified (?) senior representative, Charles Kelley.

Guests was Misses Betty Boyd, Carolyn Johns, Margaret Greenlee, Elsie Riley, Betty Evans, Mary E. Bach, Virginia Cawood, Tenney Rhoda Inmann, Allie Robertson, Helen White, Louise Johnson, Martha Alford, Louise Kuykendall, Carolyn Stewart, Odeyn Gill, Mary Lou Jennings, Susan Johnston, Mrs. Elizabeth Gallenay, Dr. and Mrs. Frank L. McFarland, Capt. and Mrs. Harry Scheibla, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Hank Adams, Mr. Vernon Chandler, and Mrs. M. B. Bailey.

Let's Go Picnicking

The Mother's club of Sigma Chi gave a picnic for their fine young sons Sunday at the reservoir.

At 6 o'clock, a most delicious (?) supper was served consisting of many kinds of sandwiches, salad, pickles, dressed eggs, ice cream, (I'll take vanilla!) coco-cola (?), coffee, and salted nuts. (Aw, such nuts!)

Those who withstood the chiggers etc. were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Haley, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. King, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bringardner, Mr. and Mrs. James Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rhodes, Dr. and Mrs. Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Helm, Mrs. Isaacs, Mrs. J. B. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meyer, Jr., Misses Ruth Jones, Mary A. Person, Betty Powell, Rhodes, Mary Lally, Celanira Paradiss, Margaret Greathouse, Catherine

Jones, Mary E. Dunn, Sue Johnson, and Mary G. Townsend.

They Dined and Danced

Alpha Tau Omega gave one of the most enjoyable (?) parties of the season Friday night at the Ashland Country club entertaining with a dinner dance, mostly dance. Lighted fraternity shields were hung at either end of the ball room and crepe paper streamers, balloons (what children!) and spring flowers, tri-als, were effectively combined in decorations.

Guests were Misses Helen Farmer, Bobby Robinson, Helen Freese, Hattie Page, Geneva Shelton, Ruth Bower, Lois Robinson, Betty Bosworth, Andrea Skinner, Betty Powell, Rodas, Caroline Hurst, Dorothy Carroll, Peggy Haskins, Dorothy Johnson, Nancy Belle Moss, Mary Lally, Barbara Beck, Katherine Scotty Chambers, Martha Pugett, Anna Robinson, Betsy Frye, Katherine Callaway, Elizabeth Lloyd, Mary Helen Thompson, Jane Allen Webb, Ruth Ennis, Anne Payne Perry, Marion Johnson, Nancy Dyer, Nell Craik, Mims Smith, Marie Vernon, Mary Temple Faulkner, Dorothy Jones, Margaret McGinn, Mary Genevieve Townsend, Billie Walker, Elizabeth Green, Opal Hobbs, Louise Slaton, Anne Law Lyons, Mary LeBus, Anne Wallace Shropshire, Frances Sledd, Martha Ammerman, Mildred Wheeler, Betty Jackson and Sarah Taylor Rounsavall; Messrs. Billy Murray, Billy Leet, Jesse Willmott, J. Rice Walker, Carlick Shropshire, Roger Baker, Paul Dean, Billie Spices, Coleman Judy and John Serpelle.

Hoe-Down at Dairy Building

A Dutch Lawn party will be given by the Home Economics (we wonder how economic it is) club back of the Dairy building "when the cows come home".

A box lunch will be given to each couple, and dancing will be enjoyed (if you're willing to pay!) at the Judging Pavilion later. Miss Ruth Forman and Miss Mary Jo Rash are in charge of arrangements and they inform me that any of "youse guys" can buy dancing tickets for 15 cents at the pavilion at 7:30 p. m. Come one, come all.

Kappa Sig Brawl

The Kappa Sigma fraternity (the boys who live way over on south Broadway) spent their May allowances Saturday night and gave a spring formal in the alumni gymnasium.

Music was furnished by George King and his orchestra, and at 11:30, if you were at home, your radio would have presented sweet music emanating from the dance hall.

Guests of the Kappa Sig men were Misses Catherine West, Frances Schroeder, Nell Craik, Betty Bosworth, Betty Bruce Nunn, Elizabeth Leslie, Elizabeth Lloyd, Ruby Dunn, Katherine Jones, Bess Reynolds, Virginia Wall, Virginia Bosworth, Ruby Evans, Marjorie Powell, Gladys Campbell, Mary Jeffries, Allie Robertson, Helen Farmer, Betty Earle, Jane Hobitzel, Julie Brown, and Virginia Robinson.

Seniors Eat Last Breakfast
The Kappa Kappa Gamma social

butterflies entertained Sunday morning with a farewell breakfast at the Phoenix hostelry in honor of the graduating members, Misses Alice Woodward, Frances Dempsey, Nell Montgomery, and Kitty Reynolds.

Summer flours decorated the tables, and candles lighted the dark corners. Those present were the actives and pledges.

Steak Fried

Miss Ann Robinson entertained Sunday evening with a steak fry at her home. Those who braved the danger of indigestion and the taste of ashes were Misses Virginia Ruffner, Nell Wilkey, Alice Daugherty, Dorothy Graham, Pat Harper, Earl Bryant, Ralph Congleton, Joe Reister, and Joe Eynking.

Girls Rushed at Luncheon

The Kappa Delta sorority did some tall rushing Saturday when they entertained with a luncheon at the Lexington Country club.

The menu consisted of beautiful spring flowers, and decorations were a delightful three-course meal. Approximately 100 girls were present.

FRATERNITY ROW

Mr. Richard Wences, Ohio Northern, was a week-end guest of his brother, Mr. Russell Wences.

Dinner guests Sunday at the Tri-angle cottage were Misses Gienna Begley, Middleboro; Sue Swinford, Martha Atkins, Mary Elizabeth Mooney, Betty Evans, and Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Rainey, Cincinnati, O. Miss Margaret Scottow, Alpha Delta Theta, meandered to Frankfort for the week-end.

Week-end guests at the Alpha D.

Theta house were the following members of Gamma chapter of Alpha Delta Theta, Cincinnati: Misses Betty Jane Flough, Gretta Hastings, Mary Frances Lurn, Eva Mac Farmer, Jane Kash, Martha Reimes, and Lorraine Smith.

Miss Alice Pennington, Louisville, was in Lexington this week-end and attended the Kappa's farewell breakfast.

Misses Dorothy Graham and Ann Bassian, natives of Fort Thomas, were week-end guests at the Alpha Gam residence.

Miss Elizabeth Ann Ewing, Louisville, visited Miss Evelyn Grubbs at the latter's sorority house over the week-end. They toured to Cincinnati Sunday.

Miss Sue Layton has returned from a visit to the capitol city. Misses Edna Evans and Betty Bosworth were dinner guests Sunday at the S. A. E. mansion.

Mr. Harlow Edwards, Louisville, visited the SAE boys this past week. Messrs. Henry McCown, Ben Taylor and Leo Spence spent the week end in Louisville.

Sunday dinner guests at the Alpha Gamma Rho country house were Misses Eleanor Stone, Mildred Holmes, Mary Chick, Dorothy Broadbent, Bebe Gill, Jerry Hall, Burton Hawkins, and Prof. and Mrs. H. B. Morrison.

John Bell crashed in on relatives in Paris this weekend.

Jack Atkinson, Carlisle, passed the weekend at his home in the said city.

Ben Gaines bummed meals off his parents in Stanford over the weekend.

Messrs. Cecil Bell and Robert White, Paris; Everett Beers, (what make?), Winchester, and Ernie James, Shelbyville, were week-end guests at the AGR barn.

Mrs. Patterson, housemother of Tri-ngle fraternity, entertained the graduating members (maybe) from 4 to 6 p. m. Sunday at the chapter house. They came, but unwillingly.

Kappa of Phi Kappa Tau, minus a few members, did initiate Julian Young, Lexington, Sunday afternoon at the domicile on south Limestone.

Sigma of Alpha Sigma Phi also "put it to" a young Greek. He is Charles Saunders, Hopkinsville.

March 31 marked the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Harrington Biological Laboratory of Hillsdale college, the first laboratory of its kind to be found at any Michigan college giving only academic instruction.

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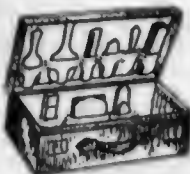
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PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

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A member of the Major College Publications, represented by A. J. Norris Hill Co., 105 E. 43rd St., New York City; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago; 1004 3rd Ave., Seattle; 1906 Maple Ave., Los Angeles; Oak Bldg., San Francisco.

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON

Subscription \$2.00 a Year. Entered at Lexington, Ky., Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

HERE SHALL THE KERNEL ALL STUDENTS RIGHTS MAINTAIN

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FAREWELL UTOPIA

And now it's time to say goodbye, for we are graduating seniors. Our lot we must cast before with the common horde, the motley multitude, the rabble of intellect and moron into which we shall become classified and labeled according to our respective aptitude. The joys, the happiness of college remain only as tender memories to soothe the aching heart, for we are graduating seniors.

They fairly flew past, those seven glorious years, those seven years of unforgettable bliss, those seven years of halcyon youth spent at the Utopia of Kentucky. With dimmed eyes we pause to gaze once more, back through the years of superlative contentment that never more shall come our way, for we are graduating seniors.

The simple tasks of school we relished. Always it was a delight to attend 8 o'clock classes, because the cool morning air was invigorating and besides three or four hours of sleep is plenty for students who never have to study. Our teachers were so kind to us; never would they mark us absent, and never never gave us less than an "A" grade. We could doze in class or look out the window and they wouldn't even think of disturbing our meditations. Never again shall we be allowed the extreme pleasure of sitting through their inspiring lectures, for we are graduating seniors.

Nothing could have been more nearly perfect—there was that nice traffic officer who just slipped us a wink when we parked our car on the wrong side of the road; the broad concrete walks throughout the campus, which kept our shoes neat even in rainy weather; a fine-spirited student body that was always behind the team, win or lose; the dances, where we never got "stuck" with any girl; the scandal columnists, who were ever considerate of other's feelings; those honor frats wherein honor really counted; the absolute absence of campus politics; that ideal climate—well, it was wonderful while it lasted. But the end has come, for we are graduating seniors.

And that heart-warming desire evinced by the colleges to help their graduates—ah, but it gives one a feeling of security to have a job awaiting. To think of the noble efforts they have made to find employment for us! Yes, indeed, and we shall go right out to conquer the world, for we are graduating seniors.

Most of all we'll miss those charming co-eds—beautiful creatures, not at all the gold-digging type, who were always true to us and our fraternity brothers. They thoughtfully picked the cheapest places of amusement, sometimes paid their own way, and never tried to act ultra-sophisticated, as some are wont to do. They were all that a young fellow seeks in a girl—didn't smoke, didn't pet, didn't drink, didn't swear—always there were ladies. What a pity! We must leave them now, for we are graduating seniors.

Goodbye! Farewell! Utopia, our hands they shake, our hearts they beat, our throats they throb, but enough of that sob stuff—for we are graduating seniors.

ADVICE

Can you take it—advice. Free and unsolicited we present this to you with pleasure and our most honest assurance that we mean it. To those freshmen, sophomores, and juniors, known as "activity" men or women,

we offer this. Seniors are beyond hope, or else they will be forced to reform next year.

In our opinion the world's most useless individual is the person who habitually arrives late and says, "I'm sorry, but I just got away from another meeting." Who, we ask you, cares?

The point of the whole situation is that such an individual is no pleasure to the rest of the world or himself either. He'll tackle anything, usually he does it well, and somebody offers him another job. The end result is that one individual collects the glory and likewise the responsibility for a number of matters which might just as well have been distributed among several persons.

Divided glories would have given pleasure to more different persons, divided responsibilities would have trained more future citizens.

We'll admit, it's easier to do things yourself than take the trouble to teach someone else how. Consider though that in the end, if you take the trouble, more people can help you. They'll have the pleasure and the benefit of having learned; you'll have more time.

Coming campus leaders, consider, someone has said that a good leader is one who can do his work so well that he can step out of his position and never be missed. If you learn to work that way, you may not be the greatest B.M.O.C. (big man on campus) but you will know more about organizing things efficiently, you have time to make and keep some friends, to study a little, and sleep enough to maintain that top of the morning feeling.

LOOKING BACK

A happy group of senior students are leaving the beautiful and verdant campus of the University of Kentucky for the last time—never to return in the role of the care-free, vivacious college person. What do they think of leaving behind them all of the sentimental traditions and thoughts of the happy hours spent within the walls of the University and among its intelligent and likeable undergraduates? What form does their retrospection take?

From one who has spent many interesting semesters upon the campus, take heed, you undergraduates! Not as the father who whispers sagacious phrases into the ear of his male offspring is this advice passed on to you but rather as the senior, standing on the threshold of the commonplace and boring—everyday existence—is this bit of a senior's thoughts given to you.

We will not attempt to lay down any hard and fast rules. That is pure folly. But we will say to you, in all seriousness, by all that is upright, honest, and Christian, take advantage of all the cultural, spiritual, and social opportunities afforded you on the Kentucky campus. There are many and until you draw that proverbial last breath of earthly air, you will never regret expending the necessary extra effort to achieve the end.

Some will doubtless jeer at such advice, maintaining that as a senior we can readily expand our chests, clutch the sheepskin, and say to— with college and its cares. But that is not the case. Rather would we, as seniors, ready to step from the campus into our chosen professions, like to re-live those glorious days when the warm Southern sunshine bathed the most beautiful campus in America in soft rays of ethereal light and we stood with bowed heads at the playing of "Hall Kentucky, Alma Mater." When you get to the point of your collegiate careers that you even think of leaving the University, the sharp pangs which shoot through your heart will make you understand and appreciate these thoughts.

When the writer was a freshman, he thought that all this sort of thing was the well-known "bunk" but later he began to realize the solidity, the real enjoyment, the richness of college life! It is hard to leave such an atmosphere forever, you may take it for what it is worth!

Our advice, in short, is to live your college life to the fullest measure possible, and when you do leave the campus, be able to turn, for a final loving glance at the buildings then whisper into your own heart—I leave you, my Alma Mater, with deep regret but with the knowledge that I have contributed to your progress, your men and women, your traditions and your soul!

To all our friends, the faculty, members of the staff of the University, we bid a joyous farewell with happy thoughts of a pleasant reunion somewhere in the—FUTURE.

JEST AMONG US

This is the senior edition; no, we're not seniors, but none of the seniors would stoop so low as to write our column!

A radio in the summer time is an unnecessary expense; just sit out on your front porch and you can hear a dozen different programs simultaneously.

What Can That Mean?

All other writers were told to make their contributions to this Kernel "crazy"; our instructions were to just be natural!

What we can't understand is why yeast companies turn to Europe for their physician-endorsers when we have so many excellent doctors right at home who could use the money.

Exams for most of us haven't started yet, but we are already worn out from thinking about them.

SCANDAL SNICKERINGS

I. FETCHEM & U. CATCHEM

This long anticipated Senior edition has finally come. We have waited for four long years just for this opportunity to give this so-called scandal column a shot. Those two guys, Walter Girdler and Cameron Coffman, who think that they know the latest and worst, haven't heard a thing. Four pages of our copy have already been censored. But this that does go by. We hope it will please you. By the way. . . These two guys just spoke of, seem to be doing right well at Cliff-ton these hot spring nights. . . They just won't give the hide-outs a chance. . . Oh, yes, boys. . . Who was your fair escort last Friday night???

Several important items that the former snoopers have overlooked: Five men students, count 'em, were seen on the third floor of Boyd hall Sunday afternoon. Tsk, tsk!

Right here on our own campus we have a delightful little case of blackmail. . . The blackmailers claim entire innocence of the charge. . . The blackmailers claim that "He done her wrong." 'Tis said that the sum involved is the nominal amount of one thousand dollars. . .

We recently learned that a former Wildcat football star (who Walter Winchell claims is one of Broadway's gayest gigolos during his off season) hit town the other night rather unexpectedly. He called upon his former love rather early (the clock on the steeple was just striking the wee small hour of five a. m.). You can imagine his look of bewilderment as he runs into one of his fraternity brothers when entering. . . 'Tis said that the Wildcat pet got the best of him. . . After tearing the picture of said fraternity brother into small bits he left. . . Yes, he was all "het-up!"

Well, Blow Me Down

"Sweet Evening Breeze" recently told Sigmachi Tom Baker that he was cute and sweet.

How Do You Do It, Phil?

How come ATO Phil McGee gets Tridelt Betsy Frye's Kentuckyian with a check that is signed by Mr. Frye? . . . (Betsy, can you explain to Phil your presence at Grimes' Mill with Lambach Charlie Edmondson late Sunday evening?)

George White Fithian, erstwhile Guignolite, lights up his double-barreled cigar holder that he used in the recent play, "Peter Pan." . . . He smokes it for several minutes. . . Professor Fithian just "can't take it" and is overcome. . . Meanwhile the performance is held up.

How About It, Flash?

We have just learned from one of our snoopers that ATO L. E. Fish has various and sundry methods of collecting for old accounts on his paper route through one section of town.

SAE Leo Spence was sighted several days ago in a local beauty parlor. He claims that he was waiting for his love, Tridelt Marjorie Fieber.

One of our good informers from Boyd hall tells us that three Sigma Chis, Jack Smith, Don McGurk, and H. Clay McKee, recently had dinner at the girls' dorm dining hall. . . Another bit of information from the same source tells us that Polly Dawson, Martha Bittner and Grace Fidler have an extra meal on their month's account.

From the Triangle house comes a report that one of the brothers, Alf Irvin, receives letters from Beverly Gabbert, Louisville, addressed to "Peachie Pie" Irvin.

From the Delt house (the country boys on the Forest Park estate) comes a report that one of the brothers received a huge banana pie Saturday evening. . . A bit of research leads us to believe that KD Millie Gorman baked that pie. . . Did it have any significance, Millie?

Phidelt pledge Billy Blake has been attempting to do a bit of high-powered twinning on the arch snooper, Walter Girdler. . . Blake, the villain, pens ardent love notes to Phyllis Caskey during class periods. The notes are intercepted and handed to Coffman. . . 'Tis said that Blake was very much perturbed over the loss of the writings. . . It is further said that he offered Coffman five dollars for them. . . The offer was refused and the notes were returned to Blake gratis after Girdler had read them. . . Our only gripe is that we were not able to read the notes. . . Get wise, guy, you're from Paris. . . (Our former home town).

'Tis rumored that Tridelt Ruth Hodges was seen entering "Little Italy" the other night. . . Are we right,

ILLITERARY

Conducted by ANNIE ROONEY

Willy nilly, hey nonny, nonny and BLAH?

The illiterate column of The Kernel is happy to announce the prize winner of this month's poetry contest. The prize, dear reader, we are delighted to announce goes to none other than our esteemed managing editor (and does he manage?) Jerry Francis "Frank to you." "I Like Ice Cream, Ice Cream Has No Bones" Adams (he is not president of Chi Delta Phi). Mr. Adams, of the original Adams family, of the south, north, and all points east and WEST, won the prize penny on his "Little Willie" poems.

The poems are, we are happy to say, the pinnacle of perfect poetical pulling, the epitome of gratesness. Notice their versatility, the variety of verse form, and the beauty of the rhyme schemes.

The poems are printed below: (and believe, you me, it was no easy task to select these, as the best from among the rhemas of poems of their type turned in, as is customary in illiterate contests.

I.
Little Willie with a lust for gore,
Nailed the baby to the bathroom floor.
Willie's mother with humor quaint,
Said, "Willie dear, don't mar the paint."

II.
(Note the calm and tranquil tone of the following, the strength of sustained emotion).
Little Willie, in a fit of gall,
Drank a quart of alcohol.
Willie's mother grew quite pensive,
Cause alcohol was so expensive.

III.
(These beautiful elegiac strains have all the pathos and beauty of the great masters).
Little Willie, dressed in sashes,
Fell into the fire
And was burned to ashes.
Pretty soon the room grew chilly
—But no one cared to poke up Willie.

Comparable to this, is the following charming, poem, beautiful in its devastating pathos, melancholy, and

Lancelot True to Elaine Modern Lovers Free-for-All and Then Make Up as Love Is Triumphant

By A. MODERN ELAINE
Imagine a Lancelot today being as true to a modern Elaine as Tennyson had him to be—also try to imagine the way an Elaine of today would handle such a case.

Well, let's try to.
Elaine is visiting her aunt who lives in the country and who is very much elated over the fact that her niece is quiet, peaceful, and old fashioned—yes, old fashioned, because Margaret, Elaine's mother, had said that her daughter was not like most daughters of today. (She did not say, however, in which way she was different).

Elaine, a very pretty and attractive girl about 20 years old, had arrived.

She had been there only about two hours when a noise like a siren was heard. Elaine ran downstairs, hitting every other step and yelling, "Hurrah, my big rah-rah boy is here!" Aunt Bess was sitting in the library reading one of Shakespeare's dramas, but upon taking her eyes up from her book and glancing out of the window, she saw Elaine give one big jump and land over the door of a long black and red roadster and right into the arms of our modern Lancelot whom Elaine knew as "Buddy."

Buddy's first remark was, "I just had to see you 'Lane. I just had to come."
"Whoopie! But why come alone? Where's the gang?" Elaine asked.
"The gang—oh! Elaine, I don't

Ruth? . . . Better watch her, Rocky.

You Guess
What Tridelt recently asked, "How can I go about attracting the attention of Alderson Brady?" (The question came very seriously).

What instructor does not dish good grades to the girls in his class unless they give him a date? . . . Now we're asking you Prof. . . Is this really fair?

'Tis said that Lloyd Lackie, Blue and White pianist, has been devoting some time to the new campus blonde (with black eye lashes) . . . It looks as if Dot Walker has a strong competitor.

It appears that the latest heart-throb of our head little editor, Sunny Day, is none other than the irresistible Bettie Bosworth. . . Are we right, Sunny?

And then we hear again that R. Clay Porter, the gay young-blood of the Engineering staff, had two dates for the Tau Bet camp—in fact that two young ladies begged for his attention. And that the gentleman turned them both down flat! Now that is not the kind of a tale that will do any young man any good with the ladies.

Congratulations to Harold Dotson, Sigma Chi, for pinning Catherine Jones, Alpha Gam. We understand the pin had been out for a whole week before the campus found out.

Mary Neal Walden, Delta Zeta, is the wearer of a Phi Tau pin owned by Charles Bennett.

IN CONCLUSION: Just a bit of friendly warning Coffman. . . Don't ever park that yellow roadster that you were driving Sunday morning (Saturday night) on a certain concrete bridge. . . The county cops patrol that section at all hours of the night. . .

forlornness. The author wishes to reserve his name for as he says it is, tt, tt too personal.

Be she went,
Am her gone?
Did her leave I all alone?
Will her ne'er come back to I
Nor I go back to she?
—Ah, it can not was.

I must admit it has me weeping.

HAVE YOU READ?

"The Broken Typewriter," by Adeline Moore
"Elmer the Elevator Boy," or from the Bottom to the Top.
"Pete the Piano-mover, Grand and Upright."

Here, There, and Yon:

For goodness sake, don't read, "Winnie-the-Pooh," unless you have read extensively and understand "everything." . . Those of you who don't indulge often, read James Joyce's "Ulysses," that is, if you have a minute between classes. . . For correct information as to the making of hamburgers, see any Sunday supplement comic section, Wimpy and the Cow's Tale. . . Never read English poets who write "he kissed her on the lips," but if the poem reads "he smacked her on her ruby petals"—O.K. proceed. . .

New Books to Read—

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" (everyone had a blooming good time). After reading about the knights in armor, Henry Ford put out his first "Model T." Since that time, a good many flours have been named after the characters in the book. Recommended for shut-ins, invalids, and night-night stories for sorority house, "Main Alley," by Lewis Sinclair. A touching novel—read by all the burglars, thugs, and second story men. Recommended as inspiration to all college seniors as they begin their careers.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" (by Shakespeare). Recommended to moonstruck seniors and freshmen and sophomores who would like to make a sorority or fraternity.

want anybody else around." Buddy replied.

"Just why Oh yes, I know!" Elaine stopped, and then continued. "It's. . . It's that Arthur married Queenie, they call her—well, listen here, Buddy, if you don't want to be seen with me, and you are so dizzy about that Queenie thing, go to her."

Now, listen. . . began Buddy. "Listen, nothing. . . " stormed Elaine. "Didn't I let you wear the best looking slave bracelet that I possessed just so you would have luck in that poker game?"

"Well, you ought to know I care for you because I let you have my gold flask," stated Lancelot. "Elaine, come in here this minute!" called Aunt Bess.

"Oh! Go sell your strawberries" yelled back Elaine. "We're having a free-for-all out here."

But Buddy didn't want a free-for-all! He was a little bit afraid of scandal and he did care for Queenie, so he drove off.

Elaine had climbed over the door, but when Buddy started off she caught the spare tire and hung on.

Buddy drove into town before he noticed Elaine on the spare.

They passed "The Sweet Shop" where Elaine made her presence known by screaming at the top of her voice to a bunch of boys parked in front. "Hey—hey! howdye de do!"—about making whoopee at my aunt's country home out in the sticks!"

"Keerret!" was the answer, or should I say answers, she received. Buddy stopped and turning to 'Lane said, "Well, I'll be a such of a such."

Just then engines were started and after lots of coaxing, Buddy was finally persuaded to go back to Aunt Bess.

Elaine and her party arrived at the aunt's just in time for dinner that night. Elaine had a "thing," as she expressed it, with white pants and blue coat on, plink-plinking on a "uke," beside her on the spare, since she had refused to ride with Buddy.

Aunt Bess was storming, but Elaine had no consideration for her.

About midnight that very same night, Elaine stole away from her jazz makers, who were dancing on the big front porch, and went to the flower garden where she had noticed Buddy wandering earlier in the evening. She found him. "Buddy," she said softly. Buddy started, looked around. "Buddy," I'd like to talk to you a few minutes."

Now, I'll leave the rest to your imagination; you are all living in an age to imagine the result of their "talk."

Jack Trades Cow For Magic Pills Which Ma Loses

By WALTER GIRDLER
(A modern version of Jack and the Beanstalk)

Once upon a time there was a little boy. There have been cases like that, you know. This little boy had a name, strange to say, which was Jack. Now don't ask me his last name, because I don't know. It was probably Smith or Jones, and if it was neither of those it might have been anything. Don't forget that this is 1934.

Jack lived alone with his mother in a little town by the name of Kala-

mazoo. As no one seems to be able to locate that place, we think we'll get on with the story.

Now Jack's mother was a very poor widow, having only \$30,000,000, and because Jack loved his mother and felt sorry for her sad plight he thought that something had best be done. One morning the two got up, brushed their teeth, and then Jack's mother started to get breakfast. All of a sudden there was a wall from the pantry, and Jack's mother came running out.

"Jack, oh Jack, there's nothing in the lee box. Whatever shall we do?" Jack's ma was perturbed, but Jack answered up bravely.

"Don't give up the ship ma. We still have the cow, and I'll take her down town and trade her in for a Ford and we can eat the tires. How's that?" the boy smiled at his plan.

"Well, wipe it off and get going," said the missus.

Accordingly Jack set out down the main drag with the cow. He looked very odd, leading a cow down the street as he was, and all his friends who chanced to see him poked fun and other things at him.

He didn't pay any attention and just walked on. All of a sudden he bumped into a big, fat, traveling

salesman. After having stepped all over the man's feet, the boy then back and said very politely, "Where you're going, you big fat

"Don't get tough wit' me sonny, or I'll flatten out your nose and so on. It around the edges of your pants," retorted the nice man, just as politely. "By the way," he went on, "Where to with the she-bull?"

"I'm taking her to the market to trade her in for some cash if I can get it," answered Jack.

"You won't get much for her, because she's no good," remarked the stranger, running a critical eye over the cow. "Her body bolts nut-tightening."

Jack was very sorry to hear this and dropped his eyes to the pavement absent-mindedly.

"You'd better be careful," said the salesman, picking them up and handing them to Jack. "You'll leave them home sometime. By the way, I've a money making proposition to make to you. You can't get much of anything for that cow at the market, but if you give her to me I'll give you all of the nice pills for her. These are Pinkham's Prepared Pink Pills and are magic pills. A!" (Continued on page five)

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SEEN FROM THE PRESS BOX

By JAY LUCIAN

Today we shall write of the obvious. When a man's sick he doesn't feel well and everything he eats goes to his stomach. In other words, life is one thing after another, and if it isn't something it's something else.

The greatest athlete of them all was Schlamiel. Every day before dinner he made a 90 foot dive culminating in a perfect three point landing in a inkwell attired only in hip boots and ear muffs.

Schlamiel was also a great runner. He used to carry the mail to the city 40 miles away but always took a shortcut 50 miles long because there were less trees to jump over. One day as he went over a giant redwood he met a bear. "Woof woof," said the bear. "Have I got halitosis?" The retiring Schlamiel answered quickly and sarcastically, "If you know what's good for you, never close the garage doors on yourself."

Love and Schlamiel were synonymous. (Whatever that means). He would look in the radiant orbs of his beloved and sigh. "Your eyes, your eyes, they shine like the worn out seats of blue serge pants." Occasionally he would vary this simile with the phrase that her lips shown like twin beads of sweat. That always got her and as she went through the clothes ringer out jumper Jeeting and the four Vulcan sisters.

Enough of this forsooth. I shall take a few seconds to describe a touching scene of a week or so ago.

The sun was shining overhead through a blue glass sky and a slight zephyr was swaying gently thru the cool green leaves of the emerald trees fragrant with the moisture of a quickly evaporating shower. The song of summer was in the air as our friend Schlamiel walked slowly and happily to a frat house destination. (This is being written in the omnipotent third person type of authorship).

The smell of lilacs pervaded the air and the music of the water trickling in the gutter filled our Schlamiel with the joy d'vivre or something. He drank deeply of nature's wonders and transplanted shrubs while his heart was full of joy and happiness.

Suddenly a new note encroached on his minute consciousness. A tiny meow resounded behind his high-top shoes. He looked and a smile touched the whimsical corners of his mouth. It was a stray kitten barely able to perambulate. It followed Schlamiel. Schlamiel's seemed bewildered and attempted heart was saddened. His sorrowful soul went out to the little fellow. He knew that he could not help it. He had no place to keep

cats. There were no houses near to inquire for the kitten's ownership. A tear came to Schlamiel's eye and he turned and attempted to walk quickly away. The poor little wail meowed piteously after him and tried to follow but his short insecure footsteps could not keep up.

Schlamiel almost stopped but forced himself to go on and leave the kitten behind. All the sun left his heart. The trees seemed to be less and the sky overcast. Shadows seemed to be everywhere and the rustic seemed changed to a moan. The sidewalks seemed cold and cheerless and the earth a sad, cruel hearted place. There seemed to be no joy in living and a certain "what's the use" filled his soul.

Into his saddened consciousness came the sound of barking and turning he saw a huge dog bearing down on the kitten. They were to far away for him to rescue the poor creature which backed up against the curb and bravely attempted to give fight to the dog who stopped a foot away in preparation to a closing rush that would annihilate this pitiful representation of the feline species.

Schlamiel was paralyzed but the next second a group of girls came by a side street and seeing the little tableau they rushed up and drove the dog away. "Poor little kitten" said one of them as she scooped up the little thing into her arms. "Let's take him home with us." And they walked away in a group.

Schlamiel turned and walked too and a miraculous change seemed to have come into his being. The sun was shining again and the sweet summer breeze was blowing through the scented trees accompanied by the music of the trickling water. Joy came again into his heart and he knew that the earth was a fine place and worth living.

"Ah," cried the stalwart fullback as his crunching knee demolished another nose. "It's not raining rain its raining violets." And the man in the bottom of the scrimmage turned and whispered sweet nothings into the tackle's tiny, shell-like ear.

Several persons were hurt last week in Mexico City during a strike of parents against the teaching of sexual hygiene in the national university.—The Miami Student.

TIGERS TAKE TIME, TUT, TUT

Dillinger's Cross Country Chase Outlawed; LSU Beats UK, NRA, TVA in Hot Relay

ARE YOU LISTENIN'?

By LAX MANCASTER
7 Southeastern Conference, one American intercollegiate and one world and three Hustonville, Ky., records were shattered as the Tigers of Louisiana State University, 1933 national collegiate champions, played around until someone said that they amassed a point total of 74 and one-sixth points to discourage all the other schools, and take the S. E. track title last Saturday at Birmingham, Ala. This was the second consecutive year that LSU proved something or other; oh yes, to be the best track and field artists in the south. Boy that's sumptin'.

Kentucky made five points in the meet. Not so hot eh? Parrish, Kentucky captain, took fourth place in the 100 yd hurdles, for two points, and Fieldy, came in third in the mile run, for three points.

Gleam Hardin, another champ. Louisiana's national intercollegiate champion in the quarter-mile and low hurdles, won both of these events, setting a new Southeastern record, as well as breaking the American intercollegiate time in the fourth-of-a-mile race. He raced the quarter mile in 46.8 seconds, beating his own time of 47.3 seconds and also bettering Bill Carr's American record of 47 seconds made by the Pantaloons in 1932.

Jack Corrance, weighty LSU wait man, wrapped his huge palm around the 16 pound shot and tossed it (the 16-lb. shot) 53 feet, 6 and 1/4 inches or something like that to surpass his own record of 49 feet 5 and five-eighths inches as well as the generally accepted world record of 48 feet, 1/2 inch.

Two records of six year's duration were also broken as (J. L. O. L.)

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John Lehman of Louisiana clipped two-tenths of a second from the 1:55.8 time made by Bill Gess, Kentucky, in the half-mile and Sterling Dupree of Auburn streaked the 220 yard dash in 21 seconds, also shaving two-tenths of a second from the 21.2 time of Georgia Tech's Hamm. The Louisianans more than doubled the score of the runner-up team from Auburn which totaled 34 and one-third points.

University Library Best in Kentucky

The University library, completed in June, 1931 at a cost of \$450,000 is noted throughout Kentucky as the best of its kind in the state.

Patrons of the University recognize it as one of the principal attractions of the school. With its 150,000 volumes, and a capacity for 50,000 more, it offers a fund of knowledge for research workers and students in academic courses.

As well as being an asset to students scholastically, it furnishes a popular meeting place for relaxation and enjoyment between classes. The browsing room, especially, may be observed at any time filled with boys and girls who are at ease to talk and rest, and read the newest best-sellers at their disposal.

The University library employs 14 regular staff members, 20 paid student assistants, and 13 C.W.A. student workers. In this capacity, it is an aid to ambitious boys and

girls financing their college careers. Listed in this number are members in campus activities, including Phi Beta Kappa, and Mortar Board. A former May Queen also inspires or rather distracts industrious students by her position behind an official desk.

Considering the building from all angles, the library is just one more reason why high school seniors should pack their bags and trek to the University next September.

JACK TRADES COW WHICH MA LOSES

(Continued off page 4)
You have to do is to swallow one of them, make a wish, and the wish is granted. I wouldn't advise you to plant them in the ground though. Evil comes of that."

Jack was enthralled by the idea, made the trade, and hurried home to his mother. As he walked in the room of his mother's house he shouted: "Here I am." (Now nobody cares about that do they? Then why did I put it in?)

"What did you get for the cow, sonny?" asked his mother.

"All of these nice colored pills, mother. Aren't they pretty?" His mother took one look then sat down. "I'll be —?" she said, not wishing to express herself strongly in front of her son.

All of a sudden she sprang up, seized the box from Jack, and threw it (Yaas, the pills were in it) out of the window. "Now go to bed, you

young this-that-and-the-other," she and gully. Oh well, tomorrow was another day. He wondered what it Jack went, feeling very sheepish would bring.

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WEDDING IS REVIEWED AS IT OUGHTA BE

At Last, An Accurate Account Is Given of the Ceremonies of Tying the Knot of Matrimony

Life with its little conundrums and idiosyncrasies is at the best, a mere philosophic attempt of a heterogeneous collection of homo sapiens to meander through the vale of tears of existence with as little as possible telling of the truth, on all occasions. These deviations from the accepted standard are usually very obvious to the interested spectator, who indulges in concealed merriment at the scandalous falsehoods that predominantly occupy the premier position on society pages of metropolitan journalistic publications. As is frequently enumerated, the scions of established families are lots of times forced to connive in connubial celebrations and indulge in matrimony, which are always elucidated upon by the society journalists who gush and flow in effusive and flowery language as to the pulchritude of the bride, the general physical perfection of the groom, the lavish and expensive decorations, the location of the ensemble following the ceremonies and so forth. One writer shattered her connections with civilization, reverted to the primeval and primordial type and conceived the following expenditure of truth, concerning the nuptials of a couple:

Last night at half past eight, at the flat of the bride, an ordinary pair of our young saps took the fatal plunge into matrimony. They could not resist the temptation to get married for the bride was enamored because her husband was a football hero and the groom thought that she had money.

The bride had on an ill-fitting costume which she claimed came from Paris, but personally I think that it came from not more than Cincinnati or Louisville. It was a sort of dirty gray color. The design was terrible. She never did have much taste anyway.

The bride is the plain and homely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Simmons, operators of a roadhouse out on the Smithville pike.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Brown, of 8888 Railroad street. He hasn't worked much since he finished college, where he chiseled his way through by gambling and professional fighting, and of course, some pay for his abilities as a football second stringer. He is trying to get a job tending bar over at Tony's, but he would probably drink up the profit. Tony won't hire him.

The young newly-weds will be at home at the home of the bride's parents until they are told to leave. All of their few friends are invited to come and visit them. (Bring your own ducks).

SUMMER SESSION

The University High school and elementary school will be open the first term of the Summer Session. Both divisions will provide instruction in all subjects regularly offered in the schools of Kentucky. The same faculty maintained during the regular school year will be in charge of the summer school classes. The tuition charges in the University High school will be \$10.00 for one-

half unit's work, or \$15.00 for one unit's work. Both a picnic and a dance are planned for the enjoyment of those who attend the Summer Session.

Be Sure To Read This One

It's a Knockout and a Honey; Read This and See for Yourself

By ALGIE

Notice Kernel readers.

Please take time to read this. I've labored for two months in an effort to call this to your attention. It seems that in the past, The Kernel editors have valued space too highly for this bit of news which is vastly important, so I'm told. Here 'tis.

As you know, we have on this campus a Cosmopolitan club. You'll take my word for this, I hope. If you don't believe me, just ask Joe Ventura (he's the prexy), Dorothy Miller, Mrs. Karl Schneider, and Karl Schneider. Oh yes, I almost forgot to mention this; the lovely Myrtle Polk recently was hooked in as a new member. Betcha didn't know that before? (Ed. Note: Oh yes we did, Algie.)

Let's see, where was I? The persons mentioned in the above paragraph were elected at the reservoir on Saturday last. Some place for an election, eh? By the way, the whole affair was what is known to the Cosmopolitans as the annual retreat. There were 35 persons there and they were chaperoned by Prof. and Mrs. E. A. Bureau, Mrs. Brauer, the Bedfords, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Schneider, Mr. Bart Peak, and Miss Augusta Roberts.

I guess that's all, patient readers. (Ed. Note: Tough luck, Algie. You had oughta been prexy, yourself.)

COMMERCE FRAT INITIATES TWO

Beta Gamma Sigma, national honorary scholastic commerce fraternity, held its spring initiation, preceded by a banquet, Wednesday evening at the Tea Cup Inn. Miss Nell Montgomery and W. D. Thompson, seniors in the College of Commerce, were initiated into the fraternity as active members and Prof. Robert D. Haun, head of the department of accounting, was made an honorary faculty member.

Prof. R. D. McIntyre, president of the Kentucky chapter, presided at the banquet. Dean Edward West, of the College of Commerce, and Mr. Leroy Miles, charter member, were the speakers.

Three commerce freshmen, who made outstanding scholastic records during the first half of this year, were presented as special guests. They were Miss Carolyn Johns; Miss Elizabeth Lutkenmeir and Ike Moore. Those attending the banquet were Dean Edward West, Professors W. W. Jennings and James W. Martin, L. H. Carter, R. D. McIntyre, Robert D. Haun, and Lloyd Averett; Emma Jane Stevens, Dorothy Salmon, Mary Ada Honey, Nell Montgomery, Elizabeth Lutkenmeir, Carolyn Johns, C. M. Stephenson, David McKinney, Philip McGee, George Peak, Wilburn Walker, Leroy Miles, W. D. Thompson, Ben Stapleton, and Ike Moore.

Iowa State College for Women, in a recent survey, demanded that men students dress in formal attire for theater parties and similar occasions.

PAT'S BOYS LOSE AGAIN

Nasty Old Louisville Cardinals Just Won't Let Cats Win

The University of Kentucky baseball team, under the tutelage of Coach Pat Devereaux, closed its current season in Louisville last Saturday with a bang when the University of Louisville Cardinals defeated them, for the second and last time this year, by a score 7 to 6 with no runs, no hits, and no errors.

Taylor, pitching the pill for the Cardinals, at the Wildcats held the Wildcats to four hits. Simon, the simple, went the distance, four miles, for Kentucky and allowed the Louisville team 10 hits, three of which were for extra bases, extra because they didn't need them.

In the second round the Cardinals came out of their corner in a slugging manner and made a five-run rally, which gave them the edge, a dull edge, but it was because of the one run that they got in their half of the ninth that they won the struggle. Sternberg crashed home a run around the bags for the Little Blue in the eighth. A two-run rally in the ninth equalized the count 6 to 6, and it looked as though the game would go into many and numerous extra innings, but the Louisville boys came through, clean through, in their last time at bat, poor boys.

Saturday's game was the Wildcats 11th beginning of the season, also their last, their 10th loss of the year, losing 10 games, and eighth consecutive loss of the current season. Their original schedule called for 12 games, but the return game with Morehead was called off because of a bad head.

This year's baseball team was the first that has been at the University since 1931, we wonder why, and it was because of the interest shown by Smith Broadbent, Harvey Mattingly, Evan Settle, and a few others, unknown, who played on the 1931 freshman team, that this national pastime was reinstated into the athletic schedule.

KAMPUS KERNELS

(Continued from Page One) nounced in a previous announcement, it was announced yesterday.

Young ladies, and girl students what has paid for their lockers in the gym are most cordially requested to interview Miss Averill in a valiant effort to try and get their refund. Good luck girls.

Miss Duncan wants to meet all seneyears in her children's literature class at noon today, Tuesday 22,

in her office in the training school. Tis rumored that is is important. Better be there.

Distinguished Folk To Witness Field Day

(Continued from Page One) Lexington Herald Cup, to be awarded to Elvis J. Stahl, of Hickman, the member of the Second Year Basic Course R.O.T.C. having the highest average in military science for the school year 1933-34.

Lexington Leader Cup, to be awarded to Harry E. Bullock, of Lexington, the member of the First Year Basic course having the highest average in military science for the school year 1933-34.

Honor graduates will be J. C. Bishop, Murray; C. W. Kaufman, Nicholasville; Ralph G. Edwards, Walton, and E. E. Settle, Crab Orchard.

Other awards to be made are the University Cup, which is awarded to the company attaining the highest average in military science during the year; the Colonel Freeman Cup, which is awarded to the company winning the drill competition, and Scabbard and Blade Cup, which is awarded to the winner of the basic individual drill competition.

All the R.O.T.C. students are looking forward with perspiration beads in their eyes to a hot time Wednesday. It is said that only 79 students will faint (or feint faints) during the program, but we can not vouch for this statement.

CLASSIFIED ADS

LOST—Wahl pen and pencil. Black and white. Return to Kernel Business office.

LOST—Black, vacuum filled, Parker pin. Reward if returned to Kernel business office.

LOST—Pair of rimless glasses in case. Initials C. W. K. are printed on case. Please return to Charles Kaufman or to The Kernel business office.

FOUND—Small black leather notebook. Owner call at Kernel Business Office.

ROOMS—Now is the time to engage choice rooms for Summer school and next semester. 329 Ashford. Call Ash, 7937-X.

LOST—Black raincoat, trade-marked Cresco, black and white checked lining, in McVey hall. Return to Kernel Business office.

LOST—K. A. pin, R. W. S., '33; between Chi Omega house and Dunn Drug store. Return to Anne Stevenson, or The Kernel office.

A student at Minnesota university made a "B" average for the first two quarters, despite the fact that he flunked one course, the name of which was "How to Study."—Mercer Cluster.

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"I THANK YOU—

I thank you ever so much—but I couldn't even think about smoking a cigarette."

"WELL, I UNDERSTAND, but they are so mild and taste so good that I thought you might not mind trying one while we are riding along out here."